dertook it, and wrote him a long, preaching letter, entreating him to repass in his mind all the infidelity and *peccati* he had been guilty of throughout his life, for which he ought now to make *amende honorable.* He sent her a sealed answer, which on opening put her into the greatest rage, for it was her own letter, taken out of its envelope, and put into another which he had directed to herself, having altered two or three things in it.

Lady H. showed me a very kind letter she had received from the Queen, in which she says nothing can be more degraded than the House of Austria, and she does not know what to expect. Lady Hamilton talked much in praise of Harry's beauty, and said he was run after by all the ladies at Naples. She lamented his refusing to marry the Marchesa Moscate, which would have been a splendid match in point of fortune.

I was much amused by a curious account she gave me of what passed when Madame d'Osmond arrived at Naples. The Queen would not see her or any French, but Madame d'O. applied to Lady

Hamilton for the purpose, who at last prevailed upon the Queen to receive her.

The Queen was seated on a sofa on the same side as the door. Madame d'O. was dressed out like the mourning bride, and stepped in quite in